

The Rave

Goin' to a rave. Myself and Warren, Todd is what he goes by, just completed three shows for the agency and feelin' pretty good. All shows for chicks tonight. We made all of them two guy shows so we could hang together. More fun this way for sure and without the complaints ya get from doin' a show by yourself. Ya see, no full room of horny chicks are all gonna like the same damn guy. It's in their nature to argue, especially among their kind. Anyway, old Todd and I were determined to get fucked up and wild. These escapades of ours were the perfect escape for me and he, I think, enjoyed the unpredictability of any night out with my ass. This rave idea came at the spur of the moment when my girlfriend, Rio, she danced for the agency also, told us she was plannin' on goin' after her last show. Neither one of us had ever been to one so this was going to be an experiment, something new on the horizon. To those ignorant of the terminology, a rave is an underground party that hosts anywhere from ten to fifty, sometimes more than that, DJ's who spin this acid shit music. Tons of recreational drugs, ya know, like acid, nitrous oxide balloons, all that jazz. No alcohol of course, though these parties are usually littered with young teen punks who hate their families and feel the urgency to be as rebellious as possible. Todd and I didn't have any real drugs so we had to improvise at a local UDF on the way to Dayton. Still in Ohio, but a pretty fuckin' long drive from Cincinnati where we hung.

"Well, whatta ya say old pal, a little aspirin, some Robitussin DM, coffee?"

"Damn, Bob, where do you find out about all of these crazy mixtures?"

"I bought this thick ass physicians drug manual when I was in college. Got the fucker for a buck fifty at a used book sale. Amazing motherfuckin' book. Gots every prescription and over the counter barbituate and amphetamine you could imagine. Tells ya just what not to take with what and why not. It's awesome. All ya gotta do is find out which ones ya ain't supposed to take with which ones and then ya mix 'em up just the way they say not to.

Piece a cake dude."

"Crazy bastard."

We each took ten twenty-five milligram ephedrine capsules, that's five-hundred milligrams to you and me. It's just asthma medicine. It dialates the capillaries in the lungs which causes your body to consume a fuckin' hell of alot more oxygen than it usually does. The aspirin makes your blood thinner so it pumps the heart even faster. We all know what a fourty-two ounce coffee'll do and well, if ya add two full bottles of Rubitussin DM, it just does the trick. We were gonna be smokin' like a couple of jealous

bitches. We were about twenty minutes from the exit we needed in Dayton and hopin' like hell we'd get to it before the brew kicked in. Had no idea where this rave was gonna be 'cept that it was off the exit and to the left or right. Like I said, it's an underground event so they're not exactly advertised on billboards or nothin'. Rio was supposed to have left well before us and said she'd page us when she got there to give us the remaining directions. Turned out we got to the fuckin' exit and never got the damn call. We went to a couple of gas stations and asked but that got us about nowhere. After about fifteen more minutes of speeding up and down the road immediately off the exit we stopped in a local restaurant. Blood pumpin' like a stimulated hooker, we were gettin' nuts. Cussin' up a fuckin' storm. A good run on ephedrine alone'll do that for ya. Saw these two wierdo chicks comin' out of the entranceway of this little diner and of course they were on their way. The perfect stereotype of the knats ya see in these parties. They told us to follow them and we did.

Back and forth we followed these bozos and their friends. They were in a nice ass Saab. Obviously a couple of spoiled brat kids in their yuppy parents' car. They were swervin' worse than us. Rich bastards always got the real good shit. Adding salt to the wounds, they always look so damn well off that nobody ever suspects they'd be up to anything. Anyway, after about an eight minute drive they pull off the road into this huge parking lot which lay caddy corner to an old Fraternal Order of Police building. Obviously no longer in use for its originally intended purpose, and packed with deviates as far as the eye could see. I diverted my ride to the rear of the lot and remembered that Todd was still in the car. I was spacin' like a son-of-a-bitch. Couldn't make out one of nothin'. Only two or more.

"How you feelin'?"

Todd just laughed with that ridiculous kackle of his, think he picked it up from this chick he used to live with named Chastity. Next thing ya know, he rolled his eyes back into his head 'till I could see nothin' but white.

I could tell things were not gonna be pretty. Slammin' the car doors, we broke into sprints and floored our asses to the back door. Inside the place was psychotic. Lasers glaring in every direction twice and three times. Loud ass music and juveniles without leashes every damn where. The place was packed. Smokey as hell, too. This music I was refferin' to earlier is faster than shit. Like ninety to one-hundred and twenty beats a minute and shit like that. Surely nothin' but noise to most people; even us if we weren't so fucked up. Todd was gone and I was on my own. Just spacing out and drifting around through the crowd without a care in the world. Like a lost sheep content to be lost. A wave in the ocean not concerned with its destination. Oblivious to my surroundings and satisfied to be so. Relaxation at its finest.

After about an hour of this lifeless wondering, I found Todd against the wall crouched down with his head between his legs. Out of the corner of his eye he spotted me and smiled like a thieving kid in a candy store. Jumped out of his squat and charged me like a fuckin' bull. Gone like the wind I was as he chased me through the crowd of zombies.

Knockin' into people hard and shit and not even feelin' it, me or them. After loosin' Todd I went about on the defensive knowing full well that as soon as he saw me he'd be tryin' his shit again. Had no idea why we were mascarading as we were and didn't care. Truly in psychotic states and usin' segments of the brain before not opened. In and out of the realms of reality. Todd's ass fuckin' chased me for half the fuckin' night. Never did catch me. By about six-thirty in the mornin' we'd forgotten about the chase and I found Todd in the men's john talkin' at a couple of punks who stood in linear fashion along the window- laden wall, each with their left foot crouched behind them on a heater or something that looked like one. Todd and I made eye contact and nodded mutually. I stepped off to the right and descended two or three steps into a poorly lit room off to one side of the restroom where the showers were. Next thing I saw was Todd standing in the doorway at the top of the steps laughing hidiously. Came to find myself with all of the showers on full blast, hot water pelting the floor from over my head and at his feet while steam rose through the air. I had my hand on one of the dispensers and was wagging the spouting water back and forth. Couldn't recall startin' it all, just remember him finding me there doin' it. I began to laugh with him and then chased his ass out of the john and back into the other room again where the crowd was. Amazingly the place was still packed wall to wall.

"Don't these fuckin' people have somewhere productive to be? Damn! Where's the goddamn parental guidance at around here? Where are all the chaparones?"

Some dumb ass punk just gleering at me though his mystified self inflicted goggles of indcision as he sucked down another hit of nitrous oxide from a balloon.

"What the fuck does that shit do, I asked?"

Motherfucker just span his forefinger around his ear in a circular configuration as his mouth spewed saliva and his eyes drifted to and fro. Good enough for me. That's all I needed.

"Confirmed idiot are ya?"

I didn't see Todd for about another hour. Hadn't seen Rio either, but I knew she was there. Think she'd come with her friend, Angie, but hadn't seen her neither. Started dancin' in this chaotic, tailspin for a while, no idea how long I did it. Felt liberating, but awkward 'cause my coordination skills were quite impaired. Fit in perfectly I guess. Before I knew it, I was soaked with sweat and crouched in a corner in a far corner of the building wondering where the fuck I was. Came to find Todd tuggin' at my shirt and askin' me if I'd had enough. Next thing ya know it's like eight in the evening the next day and I'm on my living room floor back in Greenhills. Three hour drive and six hours to that and no kind of recollection what ocured. Todd four feet to my left just sittin' upright on my couch hypnotized by the television screen with a fuckin' smile on his face that stretched from ear to ear. Fuckin' nut case!

"Damn dude, what the fuck is goin' on? How'd we get home?"

Fucker didn't hear a word I said. Come to find I drove the whole fuckin' way. Rio called and was pissed. Said I'd seen her and had no clue who she was. Whoops, sorry honey. Asked me at least a hundred times what we were on. Said we scared the shit out of her. I swear it was her idea to go to this fuckin' thing.

good. By night, ya' pull the g-string up your ass and dance like a fairy so you can get a mass assortme

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